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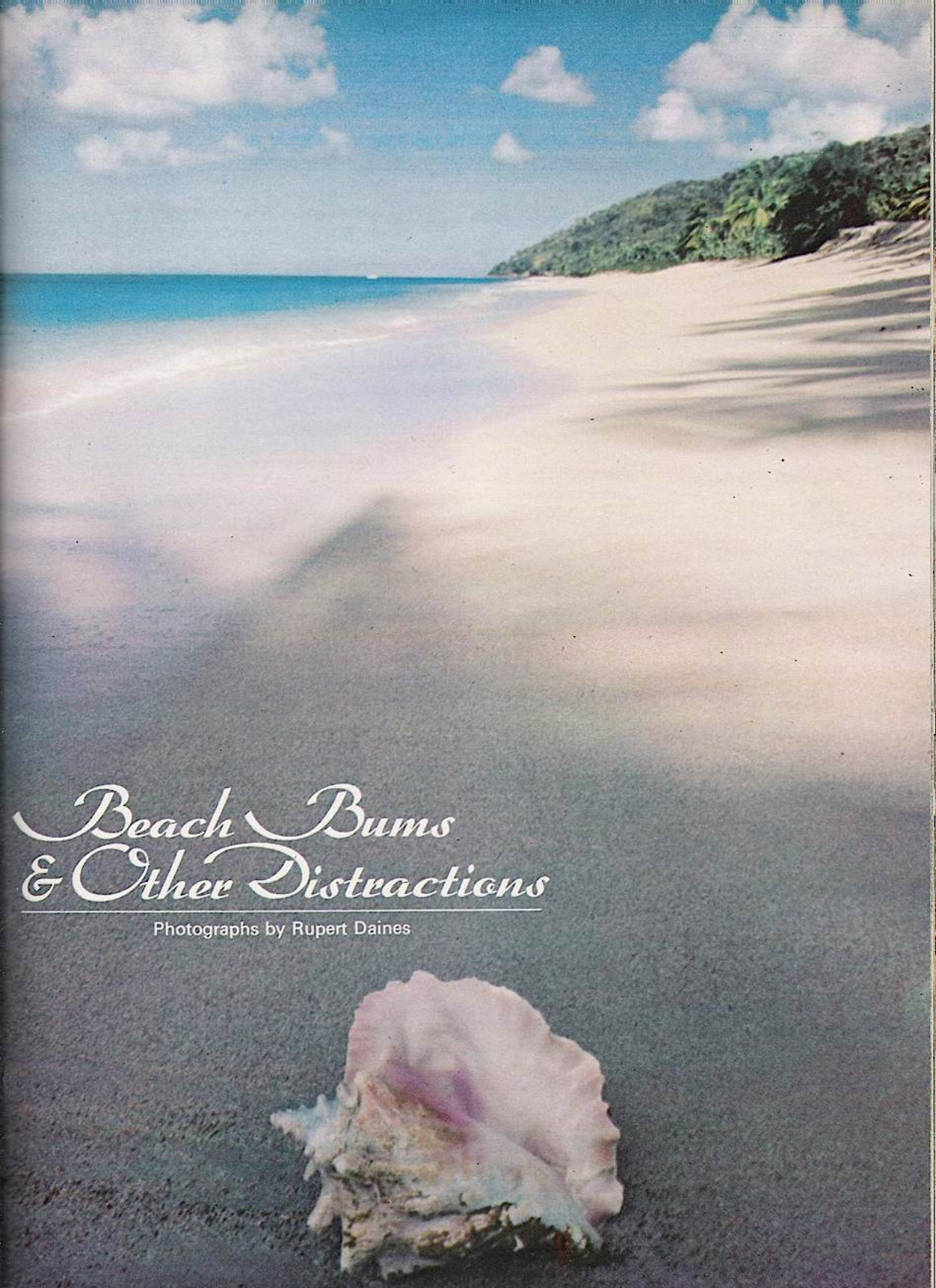
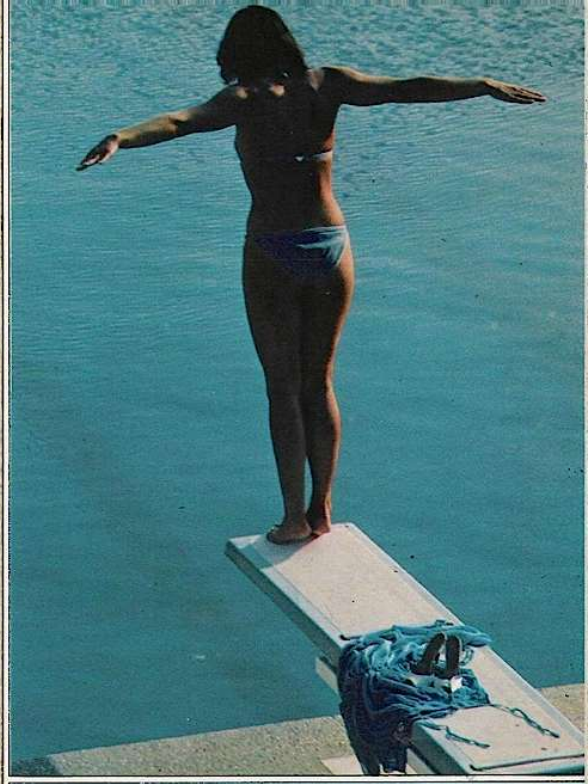
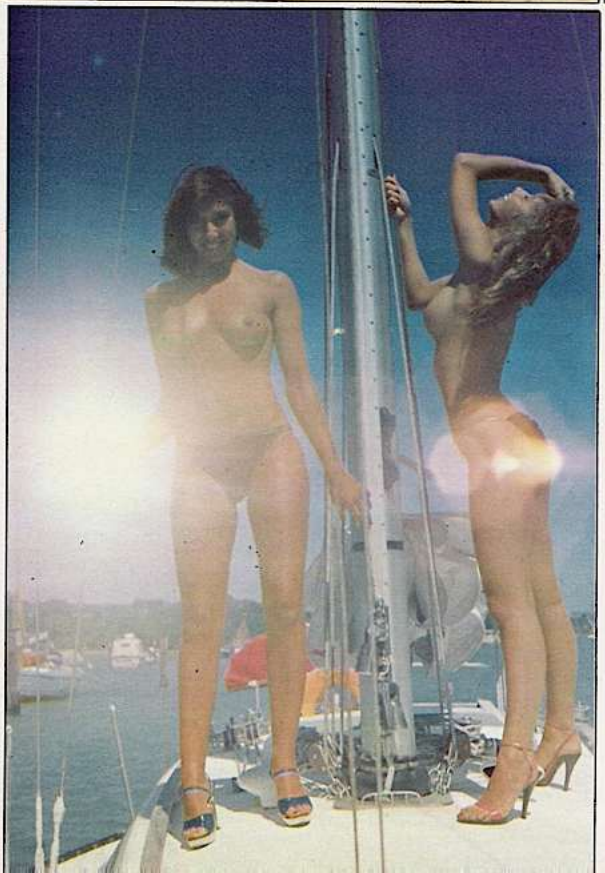


Beach Bums & Other Distractions

Photographs by Rupert Daines

A July stroll on your favourite holiday beach can throw up all sorts of delightful little cameos to tempt the penile palate. The carelessly adrift flap of a bikini bottom, a nude bather off the coast of Nice, the golden hairs on a tantalising brown leg. All of this and much more is available to the trained or devious eye. Even better if you can supply your own female





company and transport it to sundrenched sands for your personal amusement. A black garter belt and stockings soaked in the sea with their owner can add an appetising dash of salt to your favourite menu. Many of the more popular resorts now permit topless sunbathers which has added infinite depth to the previously boring pastime of reclining under the rays simply for the purpose of boiling one's spots and camouflaging freckles. For glamour photographers the scene is even more rewarding as the offering of fat 'Club International' modelling fees does much to encourage young female holidaymakers out of their panties and into the warm summer air. Glistening droplets of water on triangular mounds of blonde pubic hair are certainly one of nature's more arousing visuals. May we wish you adequate rewards to your beachcombing this summer with this photographic salute to the possibilities that await you. ♣

Christa

Photographs by Diana Hardy

Christa likes to walk along the beach and feel the sand between her toes.

'I have a small place in the San Fernando Valley and regularly drive to the beach to be alone in the evenings. I keep hoping I'll bump into Clint Eastwood but the closest I get is guys who look more like his orang-utan. Maybe my luck will change after the pictures appear. I seem to intimidate most guys. Several men who have appealed to me have lacked the confidence to push anything. It's that kind I'm trying to attract.

'I like a man who can go into a restaurant and order the right wine to go with the meal, all that sort of thing, someone who just oozes confidence. It makes me feel much more at ease.

'I like to be cool and sophisticated with a man, then when I get the urge to be really wild, the difference gives him a great kick. I like to surprise.' ♣

Claire

Photographs by Rupert Daines

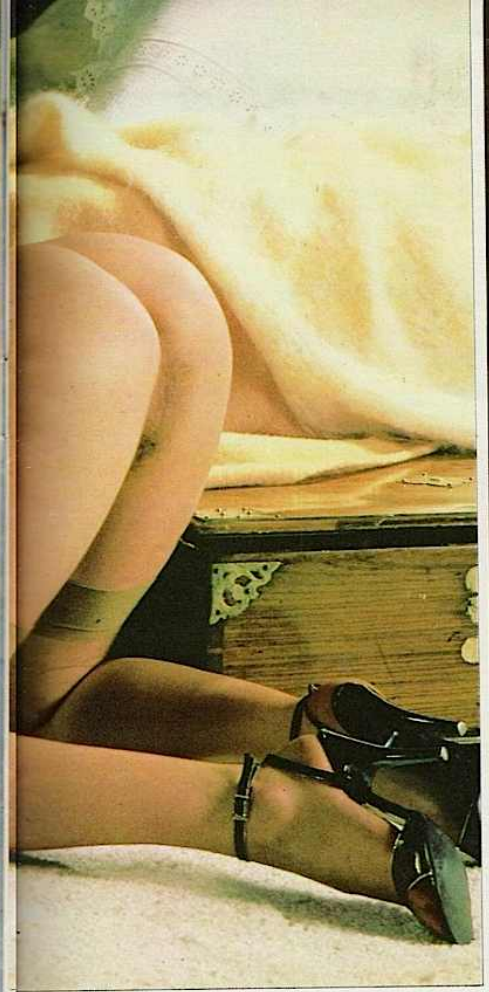
'The white lace panties actually belong to me. I like to soak them in expensive perfume before I go out for the evening. They are feather-light against my pussy and just their soft tickle keeps me well juiced for any occasion.'

We share Fiona's predilection for lace panties. Our Production Editor is frequently given to recounting an occasion when he hooked a similar pair over his ears while going down on one of his more amenable partners in lust.

He, however, preferred the items to be drenched in cheap perfume while lunging his tongue in and out of the leg hole. In our letters column we frequently hear of ladies who like the underwear of their

Fiona

Photos by Adam Cole



men friends to smell of Havana cigar smoke or body oil, so aromas obviously still provide a major sexual stimulus. There was a time when good honest sweat running down a man's back was enough, but styles and times change. Maybe female deodorants have quenched some of the aggression previously brought out in men by the very distinctive smell of a hot, eager, womanly pussy aching to be filled.♣

Gale

Photographs by Rupert Daines

Give me a real man every time. I really am bored with all those Spanish waiter types with nipped waists, perfectly groomed hair and no arse.

'That isn't to say that a man should be a slob, but there really is nothing better than to snuggle up to a soft Arran sweater that has a faint pipe-tobacco aroma mingled with pints of best bitter.

'One of my boy-friends often takes me to his snooker club and the so-called working-class blokes there treat me like a Queen. There's nothing they wouldn't do for me.'

That doesn't surprise us in the least, Gale!♣

Jilly

Photographs by Rupert Daines

Jilly was fascinated with the technical equipment our lensman needed to produce the results you see here.

'I honestly thought you just used an ordinary camera, and maybe a few lights for effect, but I never imagined you would need so much.

'Maybe I'll write about you in my book. I've always wanted to write a highly acclaimed novel—something along the Harold Robbins line—about high-powered, high-speed globetrotters, leading a glamorous lotus-eater life.

'The wealthy of the world always seem to have a mystique surrounding their sex lives. I can never visualise Lords and such like making love. But I suppose they are just like you and me.'

Was that an invitation?

'Well, I suppose working for a glossy magazine is pretty glamorous. I have this obsession for glamour, you see.

'I have a beautiful old four-poster bed, with velvet drapes. My sheets are silk, and always soft pastel colours. There are lots of full length mirrors round my bedroom, and I like my men to watch me undress before making love.

'I like to put on my own striptease act, slowly peeling off my slinky dresses, lingering over my bra, flicking my nipples to make them erect.

'I like my men to undress slowly too. I love to run my tongue all over them, across their breasts, down to the stomach, round to the bum, between the buttocks, behind the knees and between the toes. Just talking about it is making me wet.

'I prefer being fucked slowly as well. From the back is best, so the cock goes in deep, and my man can knead my breasts at the same time.

'When we've both come—I come very quickly I've been told—

I like to lick my man back to erection, taking the balls in my mouth and running my tongue up the shaft, tasting the mixture of both our juices and that unmistakable flavour of cock.
'Then we can shower together, which to me is one of the most erotic activities I've ever tried. I sometimes come just standing in the shower with a man.' ♣